

DECEMBER 16, 1934

GUEST, COMMODORE FELLOWES

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AMERICAN BOSCH RADIO EXPLORERS CLUB

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5:30 - 5:45 P.M.

DECEMBER 16, 1934

SUNDAY

(SIGNATURE - 'SAILOR'S HORNPIPE' - ACCORDION)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Presenting - the weekly meeting of the American Bosch
Radio Explorers Club!

(SIGNATURE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Come sail the seven seas with us!

(WIND AND SURF EFFECTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the Cannibal countries!

(TOM TOM EFFECTS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-The
World radio!

(GUST OF WIND)

CAPTAIN BARKER:

Ahoy there, members of the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club. This is Captain Barker speaking.....Today, we're going adventuring with Commodore P. F. M. Fellowes of the Royal Air Force, leader of that daring flight over Mt. Everest the highest mountain in the world - and the first man to establish a flight route across the desert to Baghdad. He is here with us by courtesy of the American-Museum of Natural History.

You know, shipmates - I've rounded Cape Horn, the world's stormiest headland, way down at the Southern tip of South America, forty-one times in square-rigged sailing vessels. Today sailing ships have all but vanished from the deep, and the world now relies on the power of harnessed steam. Today, seamen have comfortable quarters and eat good food.

It was far different in 1889, when I made my first voyage to sea as an apprentice in the bark Ravenswood. My parents actually had to pay the owners for my berth, and I served my four years apprenticeship without a cent of pay.

Our living quarters were in the half-deck house, a dingy hole with oilskins and sou'westers hanging from its greasy walls. Our lamp was made from a rusty bully-beef can, with ropeyarn for a wick.

At meal times we got salt-beef, a Liverpool pantile biscuit, meaty with weavils, and a mug of black, sugarless coffee. We'd dream of juicy steaks and take a reef in our belts. Yet, we loved the Life! Nowadays, the sailor eats chicken on Sundays, and, in some ships, ice cream and cake!

(MORE)

CAPT. BARKER: (CONT'D)

To me, it's sad to think that sailing ships have disappeared forever, that most of the Old Timers I knew have gone to their eternal watch below.

When my son Roland and I were writing The Log of a Limejuicer, a book of my experiences recently published in America and Britain, I longed to pace the poop again beneath a spread of swelling canvas, to hear the singing of the shanteymen, and the shouts of bucko mates. Now, only echoing voices whisper to me from out of the mists of time...

Well, let's get on with our meeting! We're to hear from Commodore P.F.M. Fellowes, who will be interviewed by Hans Christian Adamson, of the American Museum. Mr. Adamson.

ADAMSON: Thank you, Captain Barker -- and now Commodore Fellowes, we are ready to follow you on the Baghdad Patrol across the Syrian Desert.

FELLOWES: Righto, Mr. Adamson -- of course, the going is easy now, but back in 1921, when we flew across *the Syrian desert* it for the first time and established the first regular air-route in the world, it was quite a different story.

ADAMSON: Yes, I can imagine that you had a lot of thinking and planning to do before you started.

FELLOWES: Indeed we did. You see, the desert is about 500 miles wide and was totally unknown, as no European had ever crossed it before and the Arabs we questioned gave us widely different accounts. They all agreed, however, that there was some pretty frightful lava country to cross, and that the desert was practically waterless.

ADAMSON: Not so good. But what about the Arabs themselves? Were they hostile?

FELLOWES:

We just didn't know. All we did know was that they were perpetually fighting and raiding each other and that there were a great number of them and many different tribes.

ADAMSON:

Had you had much experience in dealing with Arabs?

FELLOWES:

No, but I was fortunate enough at the beginning of the Expedition to secure the help of Colonel Lawrence of Arabian fame, and he confirmed a rumor that a great lava belt some 150 miles wide stretched across our path in the heart of the desert -- but even he couldn't guess the rebuffs that stretch of hideous country was to inflict upon us, smothered as it is with countless lava boulders and splinters, lightly covered with sand and broken up by forbidding black hills.

ADAMSON:

Sounds like a good place to stay away from.

FELLOWES:

It is, Hans. We expected our convoy to cross the lava belt in two and a half days but this indescribable 150 miles fought us for two terrible weeks. We literally crawled along mile by mile. The sharp rocks cut our tires to shreds and we had to stop to mend them. This meant that I had to fly for fresh food, gas and water. Fortunately, there were dried mud lakes that made handy places to land on. But my main job was to find a way for the cars to fight through this ghastly country.

ADAMSON:

But with planes, what would it matter whether the Arabs were hostile or not, or if the desert was rough and rocky.

FELLOWES: A great deal, in case of forced landings. Fortunately, I had done a good deal of flying over deserts and foresaw some of the difficulties we were likely to meet. First of all I got together a strong ground organization of men, machine-guns and motor trucks. They were to keep up with the planes as we pushed forward on short hops of exploration, carry supplies and protect the ships on the ground. Our first job was to draw a line right across the desert for the planes to fly along.

ADAMSON: A line -- but how could you draw a line across the desert?

FELLOWES: Well, I thought the wheels of our motor would make a deep enough mark to be seen from the air, and decided to establish emergency landing fields every 25 miles. I took sandploughs and large supplies of whitewash and paint to help us where the wheel marks didn't show. If a plane came down, it would land somewhere along this line. Otherwise, looking for a plane in a desert would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

ADAMSON: What about the Arabs, meanwhile?

FELLOWS:

Ah, I was just coming to that. All this time I was wondering when the Arabs would find us and what they would do, when they did. One day after I had landed in the desert I took out an armoured truck manned by two officers, four men and myself, with rifles and a machine-gun to explore for a better route. It was a dusky day and the visibility was bad. Suddenly, when we were 50 miles from camp, we discovered that Arabs mounted on camels, were on our right and left and behind us.

We tried to escape by going faster only to see them in front as well.

ADAMSON:

What a nasty pickle to be in! What did you do?

FELLOWES:

Well....we were surrounded, so we stopped. The Arabs swept in closer and closer on their fast camels and then halted. Of all things, we wanted to avoid a fight, at least until we had got our air route through. So another officer -- who spoke a little Arabic - got out of the truck with me and, making sure to show that we were unarmed, we walked toward the Arabs.

ADAMSON: Wasn't that an awfully dangerous thing to do?

FELLOWES: Perhaps. But we wanted peace. However, I had ordered the officer left in the truck to bring the machine gun into plain sight when we were halfway to the Arabs, and to open fire without further orders if they fired a single shot. I remember thinking, as we walked forward, how unpleasantly grim the Arabs looked sitting on their camels with their rifles lying across their knees.

ADAMSON: Was that all you thought about?

FELLOWES: Well - no. I also wondered how quickly I could drop to the ground if they started to shoot. We headed toward a great gaunt, elderly man whose camel stood a little forward of a small group -- the chief. We told him we were English and what we were doing. As I spoke I noticed that underneath the burnous that covered his head a pair of vulturean eyes moved from us to the machine-gun on the truck and back again. He said a few short words, and to our great relief the Arabs turned and disappeared as swiftly as they came.

ADAMSON: It seems to me that Lady Luck was riding with you that day.

FELLOWES: Luck. Yes. We only realized some months later, when we had our first scrap with the same tribe of Arabs -- the Wahabis, just how lucky we had been. Trouble started when these Arabs swept into some villages in TransJordan on a killing spree. We sent armoured cars out to save the people we were protecting. But the Arabs punctured the tires.

(OVER)

FELLOWES: (CONT.)

Some Arabs even jumped on the cars and tried to force their rifles through the gun-slots to shoot the men inside.

ADAMSON: Some fighting! And some courage. But what happened? Did the Arabs win?

FELLOWES: No, we sent some planes out to mop them up. With roaring engines they dove upon the Arabs, peppered them with bombs and sprayed them with machine-guns. This was too much. The Arabs fled and after that they left TransJordan villages severely alone.

ADAMSON: I should think episodes like that must have made things rather difficult on the air route?

FELLOWES Yes - but luckily, the Wahabis live far south of it, and seldom come into this area.

And on top of that we once saved the life of an elderly Arab chief of one of the tribes that live near the route.

This tribe established a desert patrol the like of which no white man ever saw. I wonder if I have time to tell you about it.

ADAMSON You certainly have --- go right on.

FELLOWES Well -- two hostile Arab tribes got into a row. Some were killed, many were wounded. The losers fled and left many wounded behind - including their elderly chief.

ADAMSON But I thought Arabs always took their wounded with them?

FELLOWES They do - but they probably thought the Chief was dead. We found him terribly wounded, patched him up and flew him into Headquarters. We thought he was dying, but in a few weeks he was well enough to sit up. Then one night he escaped, and returned to his tribe.

ADAMSON A tough old fellow - wasn't he?

FELLOWES He was indeed, but here's the point of the story; For years after, if any of our planes were forced down and we had to remain overnight in the desert, a band of Arabs would quietly appear from nowhere, make a wide circle around the plane, and guard it until Dawn. Then they would mount ~~their~~ camels, and vanish as silently and as swiftly as they had come.

ADAMSON But ~~what~~ was the idea of this ghostly patrol?

FELLOWES

Well, at first we were worried and spent sleepless nights ready to fight at the drop of a hat, but we finally learned that these silent sentries were sent to guard us by the old Chief as a token of his gratitude.

We had another experience with Arabs that proves they aren't so bad. Once, just after we had crossed the lava area I flew, accompanied by another plane, far in advance of our motor convoy. Suddenly the other ship had to land due to engine trouble. I landed, too, and found nothing could be done, so left them all our water with instructions to keep it out of sight if Arabs turned up.

ADAMSON

But why hide the water?

FELLOWES

Because in the desert water is far more valuable than gold. You can't trust Arabs not to seize it. But see how badly I misjudged our Arab friends. I flew back to our base 250 miles away to get repair parts and soon after I left, some Arabs appeared and camped for the night all around the plane. Our people dared not have a drink while they were there. In the morning, the Arabs moved off, but shortly after they had gone, two Arabs came back, and, without a word, laid two full water-bags alongside the plane. They moved off before the pilots could say a word. Only those who have suffered from desert thirst can understand the colossal generosity of that gift. Water out in the desert is more than any riches, and to satisfy a desert thirst is momentarily to taste the imagined joys of heaven.

ADAMSON I can imagine so...!! Well, thank you Commodore
Fellowes...It was a great adventure to fly on the
Baghdad partol with you.

APPLAUSE

Happy landings - and that goes for you too,
Captain Barker, and all the members of the Club.
So long. Good luck.

CAPTAIN BARKER

Thanks, Hans - Now then, shipmates -- only nine more
days to Christmas. And I'm already playing Santa Claus to the members
of the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club. Let me repeat the
important announcement I made last week about the free Christmas
gift, personally chosen by me and presented with the compliments of
American-Bosch to every member of the Club requesting it.

To an old sailorman like myself - a mariner who has
spent countless hours plotting latitude and longitude -- this gift is
just what I wanted. And I'm sure you'll feel the same way about it.
For it's a revolving globe of the earth -- the official American-Bosch
Radio Explorer's Club globe lithographed in many colors.

It's not one of these ordinary globes either. No-siree!
It shows the route which Lindberg followed on his solo New York to
Paris flight. It enables you to determine instantly what time of day
it is in any part of the world. On its base is a ready-reference log
of the world's most important short-wave radio stations.

Now then, every member of the American-Bosch Radio
Explorer's Club in the United States is entitled to a free globe.
There is nothing to buy, no contests to win. To get your globe
merely go to your nearest American-Bosch dealer and ask him for it!

(MORE)

(CAPTAIN CONTINUES)

That's all there is to it! Be sure to have with you your certificate of membership in the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club - so the dealer can identify you as a club member. Children under 16 must be accompanied by a parent....If you're not already a member of the club- and you want to be eligible to get one of those globes before the offer expires -- send in your application today. It's your last opportunity....Here's Ben Grauer to tell you how easy it is to join.

ANNOUNCER

To join the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club merely send your name and address, with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening, to American-Bosch - American B O S C H, Springfield, Massachusetts. Every new member receives the smart little club button, the handsome membership certificate bearing his own name, the authorized radio explorer's map listing the locations of over 800 important short wave radio stations plus the special Christmas opportunity to secure free the Radio Explorer's revolving globe.

As Captain Barker has just reminded us, Christmas is just nine short days away. In years gone by any good radio set has always been a gift among gifts. This year an all-wave radio....a new 1935 American Bosch-Round-the-World-Radio....is more than a gift. It's an opportunity. An opportunity to travel abroad....to go around the world...to listen to entertainment from Rome to Rio de Janeiro, from Africa to Australia, programs from London, Paris, Berlin, Shanghai, all the famous countries and colonies in the world.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONTINUES)

Ask your dealer for a free demonstration of Models 480D or 460R. See how Right-Angle tuning, the Multi-Wave Selector, Anchored Construction and a host of other advances exclusive with American-Bosch distinguish these radios technically. See what care and skill have gone into the design of the cabinets. These new 1935⁺ American-Bosch-Round-the-World radios are priced for every purse and purpose...so look and listen at your dealers.

Remember to join the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club merely send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening to American-Bosch, Springfield, Massachusetts.

(SIGNATURE FADES IN)

ANNOUNCER:

Today's meeting of the American Bosch Radio Explorer's Club is the final meeting of the year. The makers of American-Bosch Radio trust you have enjoyed adventuring with Captain Barker, Hans Christian Adamson and his fellow explorers of the American Museum of Natural History, and they would welcome any comment or opinion from you on this, the first series of meetings. Here's wishing a very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you.

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